

EUGENE FIELD

ating About Him and His Scrap Book and His Letters to the Cashier.

icago, March 18.—The little drawing room of the Field house on the North Side, in Chicago like Mrs. Field. It is pretty and comfortable and homelike. It is awkwardly convenient—when Mr. Field is not there, he is it becomes a background. Mr. of the size and personality to create a sound. He can make one out of almost any material or human life. He is a surprise of the few surprises left, there are no more pearls or a description of would cause him to be recognized one beyond the limit of his own acquaintance. His photographs are ridiculously insipidly young. He has no age, could go into no photograph the solemn of the big gray eyes—his long nose, his slightly slumped mouth, the long head mouth that is only saved from being by the look of being able to take care of his affairs. Mr. Field's personality is his poetry. He is simple and entirely and altogether generous. There has formed upon his mind one heartiness, a sense of the heartiness, conventionalities for children because he has kept tied in his larger growth of experience and length of knowledge, his child's heart and delicacy of perception. His touches everybody, because he puts his on the pulse of humanity. He is not, but of the fundamental instincts guard the race.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

He has again and again had offers of a larger salary than he receives in Japan, but he has thrown in his lot with the United States. He is a true believer in the American way of life. He means to bring out his new books and bring them out in a way that the American people will appreciate. His next book will be for book lovers, a book about books. He has several special editions of his books. The first edition of "Tram-drum" were fourteen copies of "Tram-drum" done on unsaved Japanese paper. They will have one of his own book designs on the cover. The first edition of "Tram-drum" will be given to his dearest friends, and will be given to his dearest friends. Fourteen will not begin to go around. Among those "dearest friends," who